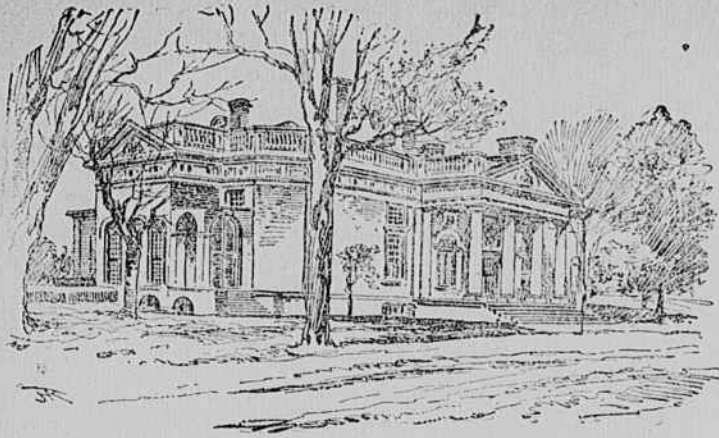


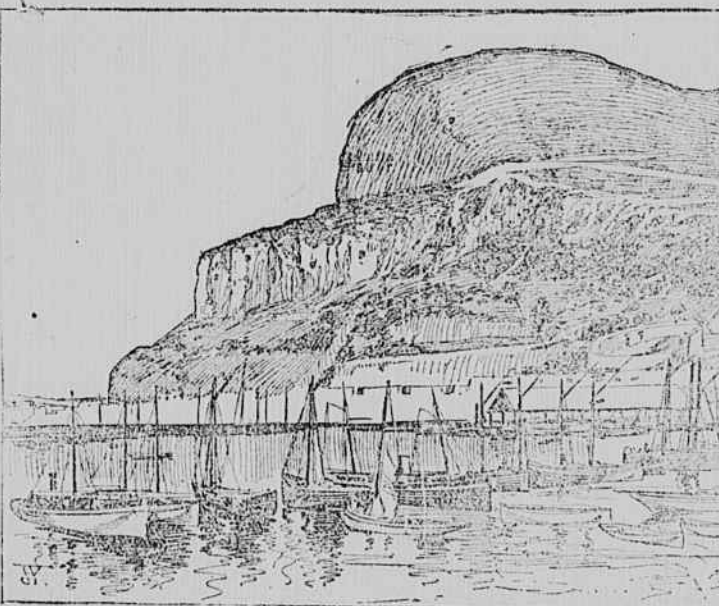
## MONTICELLO JEFFERSON'S HOME.



On account of the 21 of April being the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson unusual interest is being taken in all things associated with the memory of the writer of the Declaration of Independence. The accompanying illustration shows Monticello, the Jefferson homestead, built by our president of that name 12 years before the Revolution. Monticello stands three miles from the town of Charlottesville and is some 115 miles by rail from Washington. The glory of this beautiful old colonial homestead lies in its situation. Monticello stands on a commanding hilltop, and from its windows can be seen the vast acreage of the original estate inherited by the president from his father, Peter Jefferson, who was one of the first settlers in Albemarle county. At the time of his coming into the inheritance Thomas Jefferson was the owner of 500 slaves, among them being many carpenters, masons and iron workers. The big mansion was almost altogether the work of these slaves. They quarried the stone and hewed the timber themselves and with their own hands dug and baked the clay from which the necessary bricks were made.

Today a little Virginia daisy stands at the big iron gate and at the arrival of visitors rings the old plantation bell to announce their arrival. Not far from the mansion itself is the family burying ground.

## GIBRALTAR AND LANDING PLACE.



Gibraltar might justly be called the most interesting spot in Europe today. Certain so-called French experts have been circulating the report of late that the key of the Mediterranean is slowly but surely crumbling away. British officers at Gibraltar are now indignantly pointing out the absurdity of such statements, and in answer to the claim of the French experts to the effect that the firing of heavy guns will some day cause the sudden collapse of old "Gib," they point out that the concussion of 100 of the heaviest guns ever made would affect the rock no more than the dropping of a wineglass would affect the Tower of London. The report of the crumbling of Gibraltar grew out of the fact that on the north side of the rock over Catalan bay a shelf of dark brown loam sand has made its appearance, and this was supposed to have come from the disintegration of Gibraltar itself. This mysterious bar of sand has really been washed up by the sea, and is proving a most invaluable donation to the English garrison now engaged in constructing extended masonry for the fortification of the lower batteries.

The town of Gibraltar is an entirely English town. The streets are English named, and all the little houses of the place are constructed on English models. Cameras, notebooks, lead pencils and even too close an examination of the fortifications are all prohibited at Gibraltar, so the result is that the outside world really knows very little about the inner features of old "Gib."

## THE HEATHEN CHINESE AT HOME.

[Copyright, 1899, by Evans Cook.]

TIME was when China appeared of interest to only the opera maker and the missionary. Too remote to be patronized by tourists and too inhospitable to be invaded by the American and English merchant, for many centuries it has remained a land of romance and mysticism. She would not chum with Europe, neither would she hobnob with the United States. For centuries she sat aloof in her eastern corner and asked for nothing more than to be let alone. Then came the British East India company and the time of the first railway in the Hermit Kingdom. There is nothing like a locomotive wheel to crush the romance out of an unknown country. This first railway was only 18 miles long and was built by Englishmen from Shanghai to the port of Woo-Sung. They had grown tired of lighterage their ever increasing cargoes over the bar of the Yang-tse at a cost greater than the expense of transportation all the way from London and New York. So they went to work and built their road without charter and without government leave. The rails of that railway were straightway torn up. In China a very powerful influence is exercised by the fung-shuy, or the spirits of the dead, and it was discovered that that abominable new railway was interfering very seriously with the movements and the liberty of the fung-shuy. Just what precise compromise was made with the exacting spirits of the dead is not now known, but slowly and steadily after the building of that first railway the spirit of modern ideas began to be consulted before those of the respected dead, and now natives are commonly enjoined to place no obstructions on the railway tracks of the "foreign devils."

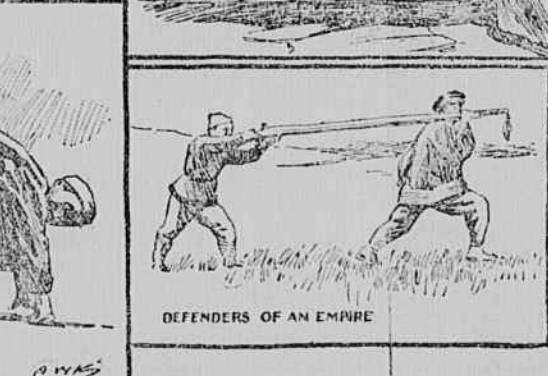
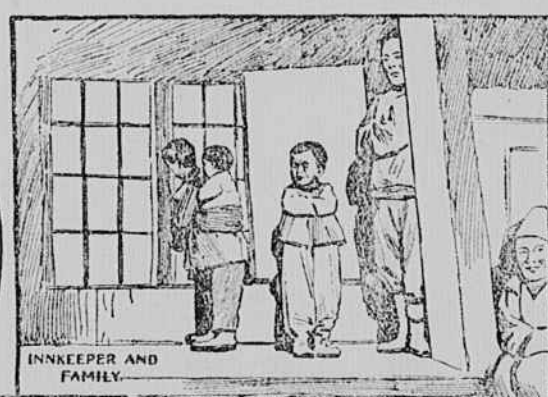
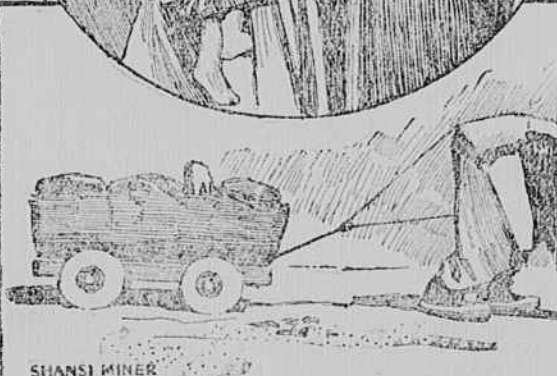
Seen at short range in his own land, the Chinaman is a disappointment. He is more than disappointing—he is hopeless. He is content to exist and asks nothing more. He is indifferent to Europeans, because he finds nothing in which they are of use to him, and when he does feel toward them it is a feeling of hate, because they come as disturbing factors in his animal-like life. The untutored native of the orient takes himself seriously, and even the Chinese soldier, with his bit of wood-mounted

gas pipe, considers his infallible self the great and mighty protector of an unrivaled and indestructible empire. The gravity of the Chinaman is attributed to the written doctrine of Confucius. He assumes matrimony with dutiful

The population of this strange land is not homogeneous, as is commonly supposed, but a singular admixture of several races and types. In each of the 18 provinces constituting China proper is to be found the remnants of an earlier

But even at the present day at least one-half of all China is absolutely unknown to the outside world. No two maps agree as to its internal topography, and strange and conflicting tales are told of the tribes in the remoter districts. For example, it is asserted that in the provinces of Yunnan and Kwangsi dwell human beings who have short tails. This walking evidence of the soundness of Darwinian doctrine is said to have a small, round projection at the base of the spinal column which

links and are prepared to vouch for the authenticity of this most important trait. Among the many other queer sights that meet the eye of the visitor in central China is an odd type of humanity to be found in the mountainous table-lands and valleys of Szechuen and Yunnan. This peculiar tribe is of a chocolate brown color, being something that can be best described as midway between a Malay and a Papuan. They carry on farming in a primitive sort of



and laborious intensity, and even the babies of China are prodigies of gravity incarnate. They never romp and crowd and the shadow of a smile on their little faces is said to betoken the presence of the evil one.

people, in Manchuria, which is now claimed by Russia; in Tibet, Mongolia, Kokonov, and the Shan territory are still to be found lingering aboriginal types, or the remnants of such, long since driven from their ancestral homes.

seems to argue his descent from arboreal ancestors. The Cantonese refer to these people as the "monkey men" and the "tailed Minotaur," and it has been asserted that many Europeans have examined these Asiatic missing

way, but, unlike all Buddhists, are great meat eaters. Among them they keep a breed of huge bloodhounds, and with these hunt down the wolves and tigers infesting their districts. In their social life they affect a sort of inverted

## HE IS RISEN

### AN EASTER POEM BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK

(COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE AUTHOR)

He is risen, and the buds expand to blossoms,  
Breathing incense sweet upon the springtime air;  
He is risen, and the birds awake to singing  
Melodies of praise and sweetest measures rare.

He is risen, and the fields glow in their gladness,  
And the sunshine brings the world an Easter kiss;  
He is risen, and the gardens give their lilies  
And rejoice that they have blossomed not amiss.

He is risen, and the rivers sound their gladness  
As they hurry ever onward to the sea,  
While the ocean lifts its voice in grand accordance,  
And it helps to swell the world's glad melody.

"He is risen! He is risen!" is the anthem  
That is sweetly voiced by Heaven's angelic throng,  
And the echoes of the chorus floating earthward  
Wake the world to joy, to hopefulness and song.



## A BIT OF KIPLING MANUSCRIPT.

Barack Room Ballads  
No. III  
"Fuzzy-Wuzzy"  
(Soudan Expeditionary Force.)

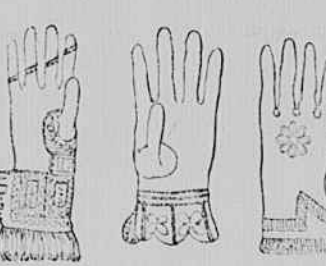
We've fought with many men across the seas,  
For some of 'em was brave, an' some was not;  
The Dargahs an' the Zulul an' Burmeses  
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.  
We never got a hair's-breadth change of 'em,  
'E squaled in the scrub an' locked our orses  
'E cut our sentries up at Suakin,  
'E played the cat an' bango with our forces

Though still a young man, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written enough poetry to set up a few hundred minor poets in the business. It is not surprising when one considers the vast amount of verse turned out by the unworldly poet laureate of the Anglo-Saxon race that his poems should nearly all be the result of a sudden inspiration, turned out at white heat, and not the result of long study and the burning of much midnight oil. Perhaps this is why Kipling is always so virile and so ruggedly impressive, for whatever faults he may have no one can call him a closet poet. He seldom rewrites a poem, and, as the accompanying facsimile reproduction of the first verse of the now famous "Fuzzy Wuzzy" poem will show, his manuscript reveals no alterations and no corrections.

Certain friends of the Anglo-Indian poet have stated that he has the habit of writing his ballads with a pipe in his mouth and a suit of pyjamas for dress.

## SOME FAMOUS GLOVES.

The three famous old gloves shown in the illustration are perhaps the most valuable specimens of hand wear now in existence. The first is one worn by the hand that wrote "Hamlet" and "King Lear" and is one of the most highly prized Shakespearean relics extant. It is made of stout leather and stitched in red and gold. The second glove is one



of a pair once worn by Mary, queen of Scots, but is now nothing more than a faded and stiffened piece of leather. The last is a gauntlet that once adorned the hand of good Queen Bess, and, like the character of its old time regal wearer, is stout and strong. Its material is pure white kid, and it is oddly but richly decorated with needlework.

## A HEROIC WAR CORRESPONDENT.



Edward Marshall, the heroic war correspondent who was wounded apparently to death on the battle line at Las Guadalupe on June 21 last, is rapidly recovering a degree of health and strength for which neither he nor his friends dared to hope in the weeks and months immediately following his injury. Virtually complete paralysis of both legs was the first and most deplorable result of the wound, the bullet passing through and destroying one of the vertebrae and cutting off the large nerve leading to the lower limbs. The wound itself yielded readily to treatment and has long been completely healed, and, though the bullet has not yet been removed, it is making little trouble. Little by little the paralysis is improving under massage and other treatment, and the right leg is now almost as good as new. The left leg, however, appears to be permanently paralyzed below the knee, and perhaps it may be and by be amputated at the joint, in which event Mr. Marshall would use an artificial leg. His general health is excellent, the grip in his hand is as firm, and the sparkle in his eye is as bright as ever, and his courage for the future is unimpaired. His book, entitled "The Story of the Rough Riders," on which he has been working several months, has just been published and promises to be very successful, judging from advance sales. The accompanying portrait is from Mr. Marshall's latest photograph.

## A NEW POSTAGE STAMP.

The very newest stamp that is now going through Uncle Sam's mail bags is that of which



is that of which a picture is here shown. It is issued by the Virgin Islands of the West Indies, which, prior to 1869, used the stamps of the Leeward Islands.

## THE NEW PRETENDER, CHARLES XI OF FRANCE.

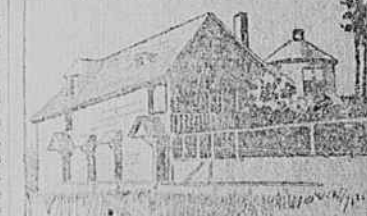
The pretenders to the throne of France are legion. The latest, however, to register a claim is Charles Naudon, who appropriates unto himself the title of Charles XI, under the theory that he is the son of Louis XVII. History records that this same Louis, or, as he was generally called, "the Little Dauphin," died in prison some time after the execution of his parents, Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. The present pretender, however, declares that the dauphin did not die in confinement, but



that he escaped from prison and assumed the name of Charles William Naudon. The present so-called Charles XI is living in very unkindly condition in Holland, though there are a number of persons in France who are disposed to believe his story.

## OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA.

The distinction of being the oldest house in America belongs to a peculiar little building at St. Augustine, Fla. This eccentric specimen of early architecture is built of seashells and mortar and was put up by a band of Franciscan



can monks in the year 1565. It is now used as a storehouse for ancient relics, and in it are to be found many interesting mementoes of aboriginal life in America, collected by the early Franciscan missionaries. Each year it is visited by a great number of sightseers, and efforts are being made toward securing its appropriate restoration and protection.

EVANS COOK.